

fiftie, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Iaguer so many: Guilian, Cosmo, Lodowicke, and Graty, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, Chitopher, Dammond, Benij, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vpon my life amounts not to fiftie thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselves to peeces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*Cap. G.* Nothing, but let him haue thanks, Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.

*Int.* Well that's set downe: you shall demand of him, whether one Captaine Dumaine bee'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

*Int.* Do you know this Captaine Dumaine?

*Par.* I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that falls.

*Int.* Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

*Par.* Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowlie.

*Cap. G.* Nay looke not vpon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

*Int.* What is his reputation with the Duke?

*Par.* The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

*Int.* Matry we'll search.

*Par.* In good fadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

*Int.* Heere'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our Interpreter do's it well.

*Cap. G.* Excellently.

*Int.* Dian, the Countess a foole, and full of gold.

*Par.* That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one Diana, to take heede of the allurements of one Count Rossillion, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it vp againe.

*Int.* Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour.

*Par.* My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maide; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginitie, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable both-sides rogue.

*Int. Let.* When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he scores, he neuer payes the score:

Halfe won is match well made, match and well made it,

He neuer payes after debts, take it before,

And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:

Men are to maul with, boyes are not to kis.

For count of this, the Countess a Foole I know it,  
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,  
Parolles.

*Ber.* He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

*Cap. E.* This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifest Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

*Int.* I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, weeshall besaine to hang you.

*Par.* My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraid to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a dungeon, i'th stocks, or any where, so I may liue.

*Int.* We'll see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine Dumaine: you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

*Par.* He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he parallels Nessus. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honestie, he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

*Cap. G.* I begin to loue him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honestie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

*Int.* What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

*Par.* Faith sir, he's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

*Cap. G.* He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

*Int.* His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a Cardene he will sell the fee-simple of his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

*Int.* What's his Brother, the other Captaine Dumaine?

*Cap. E.* Why do's he aske him of me?

*Int.* What's he?

*Par.* Ene a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deepe euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

*Int.* If your life be saued, will you vnderstand to betray the Florentine.

*Par.* I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count Rossillion.

*Int.* He whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

*Par.* Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deferue well, and to beguile the supposition.

tion of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an ambush where I was taken?

*Int.* There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that haue so traitorously discouerd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serue the world for no honest vse: therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord sir let me liue, or let me see my dearth.

*Int.* That shall you, and take your leaue of all your friends:

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

*Count.* Good morrow noble Captaine.

*Lo. E.* God blesse you Captaine Parolles.

*Cap. G.* God saue you noble Captaine.

*Lo. E.* Captaine, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew? I am for France.

*Cap. G.* Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalfe of the Count Rossillion, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well.

*Int.* You are vndone Captaine all but your fears, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

*Int.* If you could finde out a Countie where but women were that had receiued so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for France too, we shall speake of you there.

*Par.* Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great I would burst at this: Captaine Ile be no more, But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft.

As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me liue: who knowes himselfe a braggart Let him feare this: for it will come to passe,

That euery braggart shall be found an Ass.

Rust sword, coole blusshes, and Parolles liue Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thriues; There's place and meane for euery man aliue.

Ile after them.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diana.

*Hel.* That you may well perceiue I haue not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.

Time was, I did him a desired office Deere almost as his life, which gratinde

Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth, And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,

His grace is at Marcelle, to which place We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know

I am supposed dead, the Army breaking, My husband lies him home, where heauen ayding,

And by the leaue of my good Lord the King, Wee'l be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle Madam, You neuer had a seruant to whose trust Your busines was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor your Mistris Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen

Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower, As it hath fared her to be my motiue.

And helper to a husband. But O strange men, That can such sweet vse make of what they hate, When sawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night, to lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away, But more of this heereafter: you Diana, Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalfe.

*Dia.* Let death and honestie Go with your impositions, I am yours Vpon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet I pray you: But with the word the time will bring on summer,

When Briars shall haue leaues as well as thornes, And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away,

Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs, All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne;

What ere the course, the end is the renowne.

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

*Laf.* No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt cassara fellow there, whose villanous saffron would haue made all the vnback'd and downy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had bene aliue at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speake of.

*La.* I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had prais'd for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh and cost mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

*Laf.* Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thousand fallers ere wee light on such another hearbe.

*Clo.* Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the faller, or rather the hearbe of grace.

*Laf.* They are not hearbes you knaue, they are nose-hearbes.

*Clowne.* I am no great Nabuchadnezzar sir, I haue not much skill in grace.

*Laf.* Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knaue or a foole?

*Clo.* A foole sir at a womans seruice, and a knaue at a mans.

*Laf.* Your distinction.

*Clo.* I would couzen the man of his wife, and do his seruice.

*Laf.* So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

*Clo.* And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe her seruice.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

*Clo.* At your seruice.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Whose that, a Frenchman?

*Clo.* Faith sir a has an English maine, but his sijnomic is more better in France then there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke-nesse, alias the diuell.

*Laf.* Hold thee there's my purse, I giue thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serue him still,

Clowne